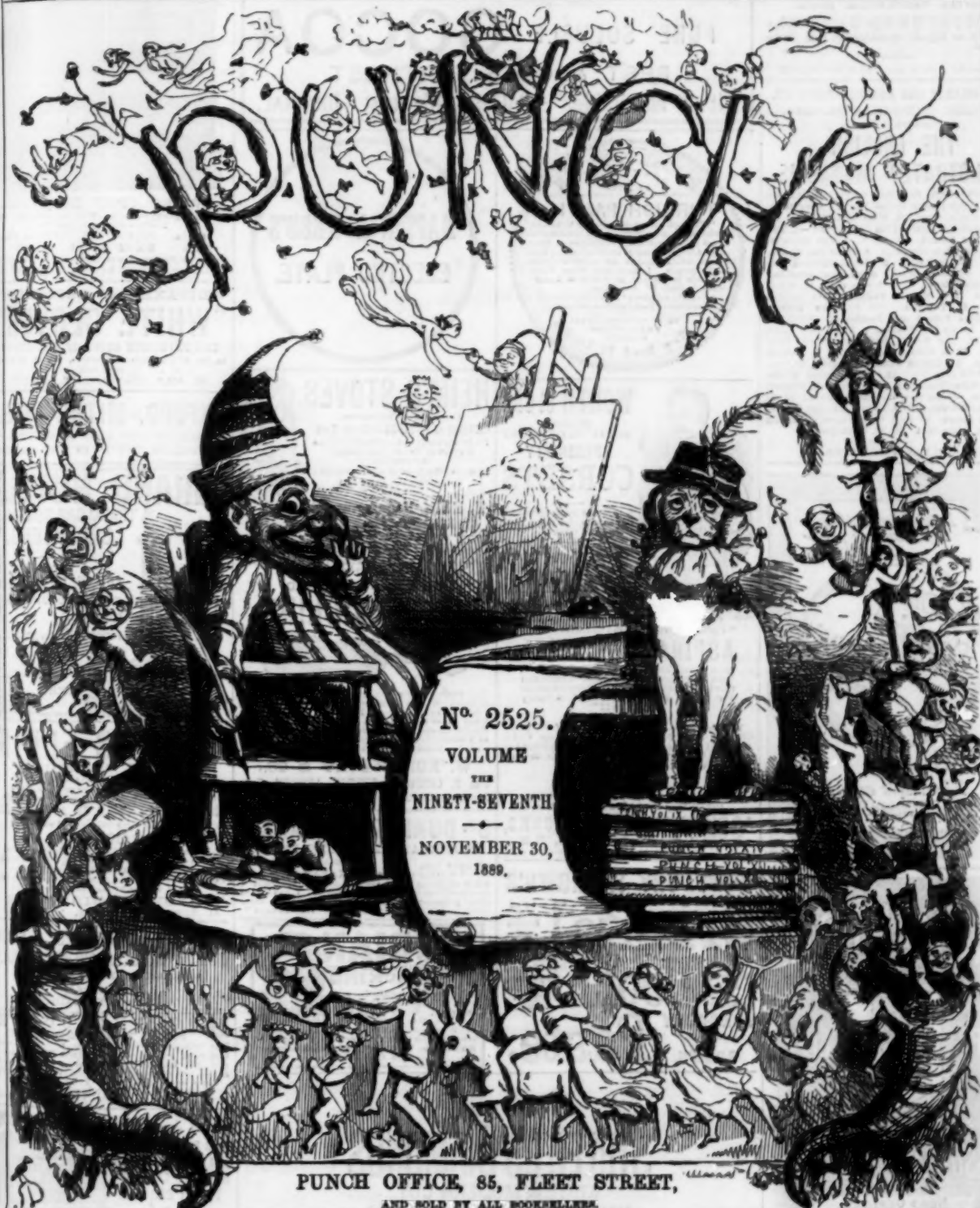


NOTICE.—THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "PUNCH."

# PUNCH'S ALMANAC FOR 1890

Pictures, Cartoons, & Sketches. DECEMBER 6th. 36 Pages and a Wrapper.

PRICE  
SIX  
PENCE



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

# SUNLIGHT SOAP

LARGEST SALE in the WORLD

In cheap, new, cloth, extra gilt.  
**FARRAR'S SCHOOL TALES.**  
**ERIC; or, Little by Little.**  
*New Illustrated Edition. Price 6s.*  
*With 78 Wood Engravings by*  
*Gordon Browne.*

**JULIAN HOME; a Tale of**  
*College Life. Twelfth Edition. Price 6s.*

**ST WINIFRED'S; or, The**  
*World of School. Sixteenth Edition. Price*  
*6s. 6d.*

Edinburgh: ADAM and CHARLES BLACK.

WITH NEARLY ONE HUNDRED PICTURES.  
 DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER,  
 COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

## THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

For DECEMBER, Price 1s.; by Post, 1s. 2d., contains—1. All Hands to the Pump. After H. S. Tuke. Frontispiece. 2. From Moor to Sea. By Grant Allen. 3. Cycle of Six Love-Lyrics.—1. Two Lovers are Parted. Words by Joseph Bennett. Music by H. Marsh MacCormac. 4. Walls and Chains. By Rev. Harold Klynt. 5. French Girlhood. By Madame Gaudet de Witt. 6. Oh Dear, what can the Matter be? With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 7. A Modern Problem. By Rhodora Clarke. 8. Yuletide. By P. Shaw Jeffrey. 9. Founders Farred and Feathered. By G. H. Lodge. 10. At the Close of a Year. By Violet Fane. 11. The Golden Duchies. By Mary Vernon. 12. A Starred Tavern. By W. Outram. 13. Church Sunday Schools. By Hon. E. F. Theiger, C.B. 14. The Labourers of the XII. Months—December. By Heywood Sumner. 15. Snow. By the Rev. Prebendary Jones. 16. In the Peloponnese. By J. Baker. 17. The Oaks of Ancient Egypt. By Prof. W. M. Conway. 18. La Maitre, Anne 1816. By W. Clark Russell.

MACHILLAN & CO., LONDON.

ESTABLISHED FOR MUTUAL  
 Life Assurance—1815.

**The  
Scottish  
Widows'  
Fund.**

1889—  
*The Assets exceed  
 Ten Millions Sterling.*

LONDON—23, CORNHILL, E.C.

**NORTHERN**

FIRE LIFE

ESTABD—1836

**ASSURANCE COMPANY**

HEAD OFFICES  
 LONDON & ABERDEEN

ACCUMULATED  
 FUNDS (1889) £ 3,581,000.

# VAN HOUTEN'S PURE SOLUBLE COCOA

BEST & GOES FARTHEST.  
 "It is admirable."—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

**PIESSE & LUBIN**  
 PERFUMERY  
 FACTORS

**TURKISH PASTILS**

"Through all my travels few things as  
 finished me more than seeing the Beauties  
 of the Haven smoking Margherite at Stam-  
 bouli. After smoking a sweet aromatic Pastil  
 is used, which imparts an odour of flowers  
 to the breath. I have seen these Pastils  
 cut once in Europe, at Piesse & Lubin's  
 Shop.—Lady W. Montagu.

Ladies who admire a "Breath of Flowers"  
 should take Pastils night and morning.

TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL  
 Perfumers and  
 Druggists.

2, New Bond St London

**MAPPIN & WEBB'S**  
 ELECTRO PLATE

**WORTH et Cie.**  
 (UNDER  
 ROYAL PATRONAGE.)  
**SPECIALITY  
 CORSETS**

A separate Department for  
 Gentlemen, for every class  
 of Corset.

134, NEW BOND  
 STREET, W.

**A LADY writes from ALEX-  
 ANDRIA to a FRIEND in ENGLAND:—**  
 "I painted a very old Iron Pot with some of  
**ASPINALL'S ENAMEL**  
 (you know), and it looks perfectly lovely,  
 with ribbons and lace to match. I have also  
 painted a Bath and can the same colour for  
 the bath! This 'ASPINALL'S' is really  
 invaluable!!"

The Public are WARNED AGAINST BUYING  
 CHEAP PAINTS that Stains and Sheds CALL  
 ENAMEL. Do not be satisfied with anything but  
 the GENUINE "ASPINALL'S," whose Name and  
 Medals are stamped on every Tin.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
 Or in Time, post free, 7d., 1s. 6d., and 3s.  
 For Baths, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. from  
**ASPINALL'S ENAMEL WORKS,**  
 NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.  
 CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.

**JEWSBURY & BROWN'S**  
**Oriental  
 Tooth  
 Paste.**

Of all  
 Perfumers  
 and  
 Chem-  
 ists,  
 1s. 6d. and  
 3s. 6d. Post  
 80 years in  
 use in the  
 Highest  
 Circles.

CAUTION.  
 THE  
 GENUINE  
 ONLY  
 IN  
 STONES

**JEWSBURY  
 &  
 BROWN.**

**HEIM'S STOVES.**

PATENTED EVERYWHERE.  
 SAVING OF FUEL 35—45 per Cent.  
 Perfectly Smokeless: attested by the  
 NATIONAL SMOKE ABATEMENT  
 INSTITUTION.

Is used at the London Road Schools.  
 Prospectus and Price List  
 sent free.

**H. HEIM, Manufacturer,**  
 41, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

SEVEN FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.  
 HIGHEST AWARDS AT ALL INTERNATIONAL  
 EXHIBITIONS.

**THE CELEBRATED  
 WOLFF VIOLINS.**

Best modern-made Violins. Grand tone, skilfully  
 finished. Highly recommended by Senior Sarasate,  
 Prof. Wilhelm Sirovi, Leonhard, Pollitzer, and  
 many other great artists. Introduced in most of  
 the European Conservatories and Orchestras. List  
 of Testimonials and Prices sent free at all Agents  
 throughout the kingdom, and of

**W. KONIGSBERG & CO.,**  
 1 & 2, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
 Genuine Old Italian Violins, from £10 and upwards.

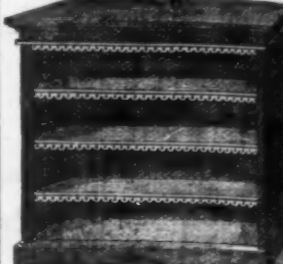
**DR. DUNBAR'S ALKARAM**  
 OR ANTI-CATARH SMELLING BOTTLE.

"DEAR SIR,  
 "Having used your ALKARAM for 12 years  
 when suffering from Cold, I beg to say that I  
 always obtain instant relief from it. I have tried  
 other preparations which profess to do the same  
 thing, but turn out utter failures. W. HARNETT."

**NUBIAN**  
 LIQUID WATERPROOF  
 BLACKING

No brushes required. Applied  
 with sponge attached to the  
 cork. Gives a brilliant  
 polish, equal to patent leather,  
 to Boots, Shoes, Harness, and Leather  
 articles, which lasts a week in all weathers.  
 Mud can be washed off, and polish remains.  
 SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Furnish Throughout (Exptd.)  
**OETZMANN & CO.,**  
 67 to 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD,  
 (NEAR TOTTERHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.)



**DWARF OPEN BOOKCASE.**  
 In Mahogany, Oak, or Walnut, complete with  
 Leather Edging to shelves.  
 5 ft. 6 in. 5 ft. 9 in. 5 ft. 12 in. 5 ft. 6 in. wide.  
 39s. 51s. 6d. 55s. 6d. 59s. 6d.  
 Orders per Post receive prompt and careful attention.  
 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE

**WHITAKER & GROSSMITH'S**  
**"WHITE CLOVER."**  
 THE FAVOURITE SCENT OF THE SEASON.  
 2s. 6d. of Chemists, Perfumers, Stores, or direct  
 post free.  
 25, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.

**OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL**  
 ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
 FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM

**GRAND HOTEL**  
 TRAFALGAR SQUARE,  
 LONDON, ENG.

FINEST SITUATION.  
 EVERY LUXURY AND  
 COMFORT.  
 MOST RECHERCHÉ  
 CUISINE.  
 VERY MODERATE  
 TARIFF.

**CONDY'S FLUID.**  
 USED IN ALL HOSPITALS.  
 CONDY'S REMEDIAL FLUID.  
 For Sore Throats, relaxed Throats,  
 Ulcerated Throats. Safe, speedy, cheap remedy.  
 SORE THROATS CURED IN A FEW DAYS.  
 Slight cases cut short at once.

**CONDY'S**  
 Is the well-known Cleansing Healing Lotion.  
 For Wounds, Foul Sores, Ulcers, Cancer, Burns,  
 Invaluable as a Lotion, Gargle, or Injection.  
 Book of directions and medical reports with each  
 bottle, or free by post on application to  
**CONDY'S FLUID WORKS.**  
 64, TURNMILL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY."  
**GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.**  
 Of all Dealers. Beware of Imitations.  
 Manufactured by  
**T. GRANT & SONS, MAIDSTONE.**

**HOOPING COUGH**  
 ROCHET'S HERBAL EMBOCATION.  
 The celebrated effectual cure without internal  
 medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. H. L. & Co.,  
 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, who  
 names are engraved on the Government Stamp.  
 Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.  
 Paris—E. AGAR, 28, Rue St. Martin.  
 New York—FOTON & Co., North William Street.

**BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE**  
 SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS  
 AND PERFUMERS, IN  
 ELEGANT CRYSTAL  
 TOILET CASKET  
 PRICE 2/6.  
 ALSO IN PATENT  
 METALLIC BOX  
 PRICE 1/-

**OS TOOTH  
 BLOCK**

SAMPLE POST FREE 1/-

**STREETERS' DIAMONDS**  
 WHITE & MODERN CUT  
 MOUNTED FROM £5. to £5,000.  
 18 NEW BOND ST, W. LONDON.

This Jewellery Business was established in the City in the reign of King George the Third.



UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

XII.

"MANHOOD," my guide remarked,  
"is a great dower,  
The hope of glory, and the prop of  
power,  
In every prosperous nation.  
O'er its displays, the daintiest critic  
gloats,  
And half its hours a polished world  
devotes  
Unto its cultivation.

"With what results? Our visits of  
to-night  
Upon that question, friend, should  
throw some light.  
In the great Titan tussle  
Called Civilisation, sense may not  
refuse  
To recognise the ever-growing  
use  
Of nerve and brawn and muscle."

"Incarnate sneer!" I said, "you shoot awry.  
To doubt the virtues of virility  
Were surely sheer insanity.  
Else what the meaning of the athletic rage,  
Or that peculiar portent of our age  
Called 'Muscular Christianity'?"

"The running ground and the gymnasium  
now  
Are adjuncts to the Church. Youth's noble  
brow  
Must sweat—or soul will sicken—  
If not at labour then, of course, at sport.  
The boxing-chamber and the tennis-court,  
The idler's pulses quicken."

"Most true!" rejoined the Shadow. "Come  
and see  
The majesty of muscularity  
Crowned in the modern manner;  
Not with the parsley chaplet of the Greek.  
A modest champion is as far to seek,  
Now, as a stainless banner."

A curious scene! Full midnight, and a mob  
Of moneyed ruffianism! Purse and fob  
Well filled and smartly furnished,  
Broadcloth in sable acres; faces fine  
Or brutal, flushed with furious zest and wine,  
Bronze cheeks, like copper burnished.  
All eyes concentrate on two brawny churls,  
Whom diplomats and dandies, "Sports" and  
earls,  
Eagerly scan and measure.  
Two coarse athletic animals, whose might  
Nudely displayed, moves many a brilliant  
light  
Of learning or of leisure.

"This," smiled the Shadow, "is the shrine  
of Sport!  
The monarch Muscle here holds secret-court,  
In sinew like to languish.  
Whilst wealth and culture find delight acute  
In the achievements of the human brute,  
Careless of fleshly anguish?"

"It must ennoble manhood to look on  
In safety, as in days fools fancied gone,  
And watch men pound and batter  
Faces and forms out of all human shape,  
Whilst they, the well-dressed watchers, bet  
and gape,  
And curse and chaff, and chatter.

"Look at that low-browed peer; no coarser  
cub [pub.  
E'er 'spread himself' at a low sporting  
See how his fool face flushes  
As one grim gladiator makes strong play,  
And one, the gentler, vainly strives to stay  
Brute blows and fierce bull-rushes!"



"He howls applause, he whom one swashing  
blow  
From a clown's fist would suddenly lay low.  
See there, hard by his shoulder,  
A vulgar, vulpine visage, smile-wreathed,  
peers,  
And whispers hideous hints into his ears—  
As base a brute, but bolder!"

"Bolder, and, so far, better than the boy  
Who finds a frantic, yet effeminate joy  
In such fierce mutual mauling  
Of venal ruffianism. There are men  
Engaged in 'manly' sport in this shy den,  
Though like mad Menads bawling!"

"Mammon and Manhood," murmured I,  
"appear  
The twin divinities of this strange sphere."  
"It sees their mutual action,  
Replied my cold companion. "Mammon rules,  
Whilst 'Manhood' it bewitches and befools,  
To their joint satisfaction."

"Ask any keen expert at modern Sport  
What 'Champions' are. He'll answer in a  
sort,  
If frank, which may surprise you.  
That burly brute's a champion—at this game!  
Exactly how he won, or stole, that fame  
Inquire not, I'd advise you!"

"At least, not *here*. Sharp words, and blows,  
come quick [trick,  
From sleek supporters of the 'Champion'.  
When fearing its exposure, [leech  
Ask awkward questions, and some lurking  
Of the blood-sucking brood upon your speech  
May put most summary closure.

"Sport? The true sport of all these greedy  
knaves [slaves,  
Is pigeon-plucking. They are Swelldom's  
Sycophants soft but sinister;  
They're panders and purveyors to the mob  
Of affluent noodles; but those gulls they rob  
To whose base tastes they minister.

"Mark those two shiny, silent, black-browed  
men!  
They are the ruling spirits of this den.  
Should we their footsteps follow  
Into their private room, where, without fuss  
Of morals or of manners, they discuss  
Their business brutish, hollow;  
"Strange side-lights on the wondrous 'World  
of Sport,'  
So popular from clerkdom to the Court,  
Our darkness might illuminate.  
Shall we? Nay, from the task I see you shrink.  
Such harpy-souls are a foul seething sink,  
O'er which 'tis ill to ruminate."

SASSIETY SMALL-TALK.

(From the "Troopenny Tweakdler.")

HER MAJESTY, on her return from Scotland  
last week, travelled the greater part of the  
way in a railway carriage. The QUEEN (who  
is in excellent health) closed her eyes several  
times during the journey.

It is reported in literary circles that Mr.  
SMITH is writing a life of Mr. JONES, and that  
Mr. JONES is engaged on a biography of Mr.  
SMITH.

The new LORD MAYOR is very popular in  
the City, and has given great satisfaction to  
his guests at the Mansion House by intro-  
ducing turtle soup into the menu of his Lord-  
ship's dinners.

The rumours that QUEEN ANNE died some  
years ago has now received confirmation.  
This piece of intelligence will be welcome  
news to the Historical Research and Investi-  
gation Society, of which Mr. TOMKINS, the  
eminent antiquarian, is the respected Presi-  
dent.

Next week Monday will be followed by  
Tuesday, and Thursday be preceded by Wed-  
nesday. It has been arranged that Friday  
and Saturday shall come before Sunday.

We are authorised to state that the an-  
nouncement made in this column some time  
since, which we denied, and subsequently  
confirmed, is entirely devoid of foundation.  
We shall, no doubt, have more to say on this  
subject on some future occasion, when the  
pressure of news on our space is less than at  
present.

A CHEAP SCOTCH TOUR.

SEE the Tooth Drawing Exhibition at Messrs.  
TOOTH'S (why not call themselves "The  
Teeth" at once?) Gallery in the Haymarket.  
The Firm should be known as "The Wisdom  
Teeth," since they rarely if ever make a mis-  
take in their Show. This time it consists of  
over fifty pictures of the Rivers of Scotland,  
by Mr. DAVID FARQUHARSON. Notwith-  
standing the large number, it is astonishing  
the variety to be found in the Collection.  
No two pictures are alike; they all have  
the impress of being painted on the spot,  
and have no "studio-taint" about them,  
too often acquired by re-touching a fresh  
transcript from Nature in a murky town  
painting-room. They are broadly painted,  
but with a marvellous knowledge of effect  
and feeling for colour. There is such a  
wondrous breeziness and reality about them,  
that you begin to wish you had come as a  
Philibeggar in a kilt, ready to have your  
fing, and after "a wee drappit in the ee,"  
reel out again. We present this little notice  
as a contribution of "Butter Scotch," and  
advise everyone to at once take the Cheap  
Scotch Tour, personally conducted by Mr.  
DAVID FARQUHARSON.

ROBERT DE PARIS.—At the *déjeuner* given  
by Lord LYTTON to H.R.H. the PRINCE and  
PRINCESS OF WALES, the first item on the  
menu was "Oufs à la Robert." A certain  
City Waiter of our acquaintance not un-  
known to fame looks upon this as "a ninter-  
nashnal cumpliment." "Heggs is Heggs,  
nowerdays," he writes to us; "specially in  
Parris, where a 'Uff aller Robert,' must  
mean a neg as koster a bob."

REVIVAL OF PUGILISM.—Great Celebration  
of Boxing Day this year at the Pelican.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?  
OR, THE GENEROUS LANDLORD AND THE THREE JOLLY TRUSTEES.

*A Vote of Thanks put in the form of a Ballad.*



THERE was a munificent host  
At the sign of "The Tankard," whose boast  
Was this, that the Poor  
Never turned from his door  
Without having had sip and sup from his  
store,  
And feeling as warm as a toast.  
And oh! what a snug, cosy world it would be  
Were only all Landlords as hearty as he!

The name of mine host was NED GUINNESS;  
He knew what the right use of "tin" is,  
To earn, save, and spend,  
Bless the poor, help a friend.  
And they who dispute the more generous end,  
Must be the most miserly ninnies.  
But oh! what a many starved mouths might  
be fed,  
Were all Landlords as wise and as kind as  
was NED!

And there were three jolly Trustees,  
Who sat with their hands on their knees,  
Like the Postboys of song,  
And they thought, "It seems wrong  
That the Poor should be horribly housed for  
But then we can't do as we please. [so long,  
We would give them snug homes, if we could,  
without doubt;  
Meanwhile, let us call for a tankard of Stout!"

They called for the stout, and they drunk it.  
(There was ROWTON, and RITCHIE, and  
There they sat, these Trustees (PLUNKET)  
With their hands on their knees,  
And they said, "To give labourers sweet  
homes and ease  
Is a very stiff job, and all funk it!"  
"What, all?" cried mine host. "Well, I  
trust that you won't [don't!]  
Talk like that in my house, for I certainly

Then he came from behind his snug bar,  
With a bottle (some say 'twas a jar)  
Of a Pantomime sort.  
And he said (in his sport)  
"Here's a magnum, my boys, not of Cham-  
pagne or Port,  
No, no! something better by far.  
You've heard of a big pot of money, no doubt,  
Well, here's a big bottle of—let us say Stout!"

Those jolly Trustees they all stared;  
To believe their own eyes hardly dared,  
It was such a whopper,  
Pure gold was the stopper.  
Cried, PLUNKET, "Great Scott!" (The re-  
mark was improper.)  
Whilst RITCHIE and ROWTON looked scared.  
But the Landlord laughed loud and cried,  
"Test it, this minute!  
The great Inexhaustible One is not in it!"

"Do I look delusive or shifty?  
Well, Thousands Two-Hundred-and-Fifty  
You'll find there secure,  
And it's all for the poor!  
I have earned a full right to give freely, I'm  
sure,  
By being successful and thrifty.  
There 'tis, boys! You three will make good  
use, no doubt  
For the poor, of this bottle of—shall we say  
Stout?"

Bravo! O munificent host!  
Your magnum is something to boast.  
Magnanimous man,  
You have hit on a plan  
To encourage in giving the many who can,  
And shame those who shrink from the cost!  
A rare pot of money, indeed; all made out  
Of other big pots—of your excellent Stout!

No wonder those jolly Trustees  
Sit struck, with their hands on their knees.  
But each must be goose  
If he can't find good use  
For so noble a gift without waste or abuse.  
Mr. Punch will just watch, if you please,  
That big bottle's future. Just now he gives  
honour  
To good EDWARD GUINNESS, its generous  
donor!

"DARNLEY V. MELNOTTE."—Striking names.  
The one recalling the history of MARY Queen  
of Scots, and the other the celebrated Claude,  
likewise the Dame Melnotte, in Lord LYTON's  
*Lady of Lyons*. Therefore generally inter-  
esting, but specially so to dramatic authors  
and actors, as showing that for once and  
away there is a Judge willing to understand  
theatrical terms and customs, and not above  
observing to Counsel, who was questioning  
Mr. PINKER as to what he has written for the  
stage so as to identify him, that "Mr. PINKER  
required no introduction." This was very  
nice of Mr. Justice MATHEW. A great im-  
provement in courtesy since The Chief  
expressed himself absolutely ignorant of the  
existence of two such celebrities as  
CORNEY GRAIN and CORNY,—no, CONNIE,  
GILCHRIST.



"DE GUSTIBUS," &c.

Doctor. "AND HOW'S YOUR APPETITE?"

Patient. "I CAN EAT VERY LITTLE, AND DRINK VERY LITTLE—ALL I CAN RELISH NOW  
IS MY PHYSIC!"

Doctor. "AH, THEN, FOR THE PRESENT, STICK TO THAT!"

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE good old ship in Suffolk Street sails on her winter voyage  
with less press of canvas than sometimes, but possibly that canvas  
is of a better quality than usual, and better able to withstand the  
blast of rude Boreas, the critic. Gone are the startlers, with which  
the Whistlerites, the Symphonists, and the Impressionists used to  
deck the walls! Vanished are the Spanish pictures of HURLSTONE,  
the mild landscapes of GOSLINO, and the prismatic, half-dressed  
young ladies of WOOLMER, which flourished in this gallery in a more  
remote age. And the good ship—which has weathered many a storm  
—sails pleasantly and smoothly on an even keel. Though the  
number of pictures has been reduced, there are over six hundred  
and fifty works of art—more or less—in the present show. Among  
them may be noted two clever landscapes in Provence by Miss HILDA  
MONTALBA, "Moonlight" and "Planting Potatoes," "Unveiled,"  
by H. T. SCHÄFER, seems to demonstrate that all Mr. HORSELEY's  
expostulations are unavailing: "The Home of the Sea Fuel," by  
HORACE CAUTY, bright, fresh and true; "The Rehearsal," by J.  
CLARK, somewhat sombre in tone, but carefully painted; "A Connois-  
seur," by W. D. ALMOND, full of character; "In the Wake of  
Winter," by F. S. SPENLOVE, a very clever landscape; "Ashore,"  
by F. BRANGWIN, a good sea-story well told. This artist also con-  
tributes a powerful bit of reality, called "Spinning Yarn." "Home-  
wards," by F. C. ROBINSON, is a careful transcript of Nature; "Be-  
trayed," an excellent water-colour, by C. CATTERMOLE; and "An Old  
Romance," by P. H. CALDERON, R.A., is well worth attentive perusal.  
There are a number of excellent sea-pieces by G. S. WALTERS; "The  
Mill Stream," by J. H. SNELL; "When the Sun is Low," by L.  
GRIER; "A Misty Morning," by R. HALFSIGHT, an appropriately-  
named artist to paint such a subject; a clever picture from *Sketches  
by Box*, by W. H. PIKE (where was *Puck*!); "On the Loddon," by  
YERED KING; and others that well merit the attention of the spectator.

#### FRENCH HOSPITALITY.

"France has been able to offer her sympathetic hospitality to millions of  
foreigners."—Speech of M. Tirard.

"SYMPATHETIC hospitality" 's a very pretty word

For inadequate hotel accommodation,  
O rushing Monsieur TIRARD, don't you think that it's absurd  
To advance a claim like that for your French nation?  
Folks visited your wondrous Exhibition, a vast crowd  
Thronged fair Paris to the end from the beginning;  
But, in more than one hotel, it's universally allowed,  
That they underwent a process known as "skinning."

There is little doubt you welcomed every nation with good will,  
And we know what great attractions Paris offers;  
But it's hardly hospitality that sends us in a bill,  
Nor do hosts expect their friends to fill their coffers. [Yankee,  
You were welcome to our sovereigns and the dollars of the  
And your Show was worth the utmost we could spend;  
But LUTETIA, for our largesse, might at least, we think, say  
And not boast of hospitality, my friend! ["Thank ye,"

HAUNTED HOUSES.—Typhoid, according to the *Daily Telegraph* re-  
port, seems just now to be the awful spectre appearing in many  
ancient country houses. The only way of laying this insanitary  
Spectre, is by sending round the Sanitary Inspector.

"SOMETHING IN THE CITY."—It is understood that AUGUSTUS  
DRUMOLANUS, in consequence of his distinguished Pantomime and  
Operatic Spectacular services, and Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, for his  
noble effort in the cause of artistic effect on Lord Mayor's Show day,  
will be elected honorary members of The Worshipful Company of  
Spectacle Makers.



## ROYALTY AND REVOLT.

*King Arthur and the burden of Royalty—The Coming Mimes.*  
The theatrical thermometer of the Royalty has gone down to freezing-point with *The New Corsican Brothers*. Blame not alone the bard



"Actor, Manager, and Arthur too" (to himself). "My! what a frost!"

MR. CECIL RALEIGH, whose *Great Pink Pearl* was an ornament to the stage, and who is the author of several good things,—but blame everybody, including Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, who had anything to do with the production of this apparently plotless and witless extravaganza. Perhaps the author was attempting to give us something quite novel, and in this he has succeeded, for it is not within my experience to see ARTHUR ROBERTS absolutely dull, as he was, except for a few moments when he did a bit of his own peculiar comic business, and at another time when he gave imitations of the Music-hall style of vocalisation. This last the audience would have had over and over again, but ARTHUR positively declined. There is no other burlesque actor or actress of note in the piece, and so the whole weight, which SANDOW and SAMSON would stagger under, is on poor ARTHUR'S shoulders.

The Composer, too, has made a mistake, and light, sparkling catchy music is conspicuous by its absence. The compositions may be scholarly, admirable, and all that a musician could wish, but the patrons of *opéra bouffe* and extravaganza know the sort of thing they want, and it's no use giving them German Meyerbeer when they demand Parisian Offenbachian champagne. A Composer who rejoices in the name of SLAUGHTER ought to write killing melodies. The best thing is a Chorus of "Hullo There!" sung by the Members of the Carnation Club. If ARTHUR ROBERTS had, at least, three good comic songs and an eccentric duet, with—well, who is there to sing it with him? And if the piece were cut down, so as to play from 9.30 to 11, it might have a chance, as, nowadays, a bad start frequently results in a long run and a brilliant finish. But ARTHUR must have two or three strong and talented assistants to pull this coach along.

"LES DEUX AJAX."—There are to be two Pantomimes this year; one of course, "The Annual," at Drury Lane, and the other at Her Majesty's.



RECONCILIATION.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished."

left in doubt is, which has "stolen a march" on the other? *Soleitur ambulando*. Perhaps, they may yet come together at the fraternal festivity of Christmas, and, embracing, may exclaim with the two characters in *The Beggar's Opera*, "Brother! Brother! we were both in the wrong!"

## THE HEXLEY-SPUNSER CONTROVERSY.

*The Smoking-room of the Adelphide Club. Time, Afternoon.*

Old Gentleman (turning over recent numbers of "The Times"). It's the duty of every English citizen, my son tells me, to study the science of political ethics. And I believe he's right. What's the use of talking about the Land Question, or any other question, until you've got the light of clear, impartial, impersonal inquiry shed upon it. That's what he says, and there's a good deal in it. When two men like HEXLEY and SPUNSER discuss anything, they stick to the point. There are no digressions, no personal recriminations, nothing but calm sober inquiry. Now then, let's begin somewhere in the middle. Never mind the introductory letters.

[Selects any Number of "The Times," and reads.]

"SIR,—As Professor HEXLEY admits that his friend A. B.'s dog is white,—as, by implication, he admits white is closely allied to grey,—as he acknowledges the possibility of a shade of grey being mistaken for black by gas-light, I do not see in what respect his views on the compensation for inconveniences caused by compulsory muzzles are other than analogous to my own opinions on the precisely similar point discussed by me in my last letter?"

I had an idea that it was all about the Land Question. Well, I suppose this is a side-issue, or an illustration, or something in that way. Perhaps I ought to have begun a few days back. No matter—I'll just skip a few lines, and go on again.

"And as I have already shown that all difficulties with regard to unearned increment, relative ethics, linoleum, hair-wash, bindles, and speculative diagnosis are fully dealt with in my little book, *The Data of Ethics*, which should be on every man's book-shelves, it only remains for me to point out, that it is the special province of the exact sciences—as Professor HEXLEY himself knows—never to have the same opinion for ten minutes together. I regret that anyone should have supposed that I intended any of my conclusions—which were all of them reasoned truth—to be ever treated as such. At the same time, I fail to see that any one of my theories is any the less practical because it was not intended to work, will not work, and would not be any good if it did. I may, therefore, leave the Land Question, and pass on to a consideration of absolute political ethics."

Land at last! But why does he leave it, especially when he has not yet got there? Of course, he may feel more at home with the—with the (refers to paper)—ah, yes, "absolute political ethics."

"If anyone attempted to cure me of some complaint without having previously consulted Professor HEXLEY'S *Lessons on Elementary Physiology*—a treatise which is invaluable to the medical practitioner—I should at once denounce—"

This is all very well, but it's neither Land Question, nor the—other thing. It almost seems as if the man was—but perhaps it's an illustration. There's no saying—

"—I should at once denounce him as a charlatan. Similarly, Professor HEXLEY might just as well confess that any attempt to solve a social or political problem without reference to one or more of my published works would be madness. In fact, if he will only scratch my back, I am perfectly willing to reciprocate the attention. I have no desire to be combative, and I shall never write any more letters on this subject as long as I live. Professor HEXLEY has only to state his belief that absolute political ethics are a real exact science, and all will be forgiven and forgotten, and I shall continue to recommend his hand-book on physiology. This closes the controversy, as far as I am concerned. If my letter to-day has—as I trust it has—helped to make the great facts of absolute political ethics more clear to your readers, it will not have been written in vain.

"I am, &c.,

HERBERT SPUNSER."

More clear! Why, I know as much about it as I did when I started. Perhaps it's the other man who does the clear, impartial inquiry.

[Selects the Number containing Professor HEXLEY'S reply, and reads.]

"SIR,—After a careful perusal of Mr. SPUNSER'S letter in the *Times* of to-day, I can only reiterate my declaration that I never agree with anybody, except myself. Mr. SPUNSER'S efforts to prove the contrary are founded on an ignorance of history, and his ethical system rests on pure assumption. Mr. SPUNSER said that private ownership in land was originally set up by force or fraud. He stole that out of Rousseau, and I saw him take it myself. I should be ashamed! However, as Mr. SPUNSER, leaving the main issue aside, has put me on my defence, I shall say no more about the Land Question, but simply go for Mr. SPUNSER. His suggestion that patients should be treated by deduction from physiological principles was hardly prudent—addressed, as it was, to a man of my superior attainments. No practitioner, who is sensible of the profound responsibility which attaches to his office, will dream of treating cholera or small-pox by deduction. He would use induction, and, if the patient had both cholera and small-pox, there would be a reduction. There always ought to be a reduction on taking a quantity.

"There is no analogy whatever between medical practice and Mr. SPUNSER's absolute political ethics. Yah! Gar'n! Go home to your mother!"

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant, T. R. HEXLEY."

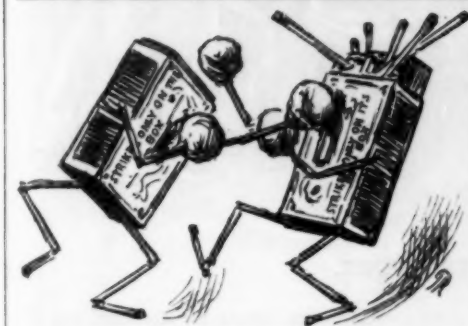
Worse and worse! I wonder if there's any more of it? Oh, yes. Here's another letter from SPUNSER—I thought "the controversy was closed, as far as he was concerned." Then there's another, from SPEKLEY or HUNSER—I mean, HUNNLEY or SPEKXER. What's it matter? I'll just glance through it. (*Reads.*)

"Sir,—It seems to me to be a pity that the discussion which has been carried on in your columns should come to an end before Mr. LAIDLER's able letter has been considered on its merits."

But I never read Mr. LAIDLER's letter. Positive—ladle, comparative LAIDLER. If I'd only had the LAIDLER, of course he'd have helped me. As it is, I'll just leave out that part. Here's a postscript!

"Mr. SPUNSER, in the letter which you publish to-day, says that he learns from me 'that the principles of physiology, as at present known, can never procure for a doctor an introduction to his patient. Nothing of the kind is discoverable in what I have said. Without denying for one instant a close analogy between social and physiological laws, I never asserted that the connection was one of cause and effect. If Mr. SPUNSER were already acquainted with the present relations of physiology and therapeutics, no introduction would be required. You should bow, but not shake hands.'"

Well, I'm thankful, that's all. No more SPUNSELEY and HEXER for me. Where's this week's *Punch*? SPENSELEY and HUXER sounds something like sherry and seltzer. That reminds me—ah, waiter!



PUGILISTIC REVIVAL.

Matches in Box, and Boxin' Matches.

"SHORT SERVICES."—The best short Sunday service with which we are acquainted, is that between Dover and Calais, in one of the L. C. & D. Company's newest boats. No Sermon. Collection on board, as usual.

very awkward. I wish I could see my way out of it. (*Aloud.*) "Provisional Government" indeed? What do I know of it?

*Son of the People.*—If you are still ignorant, we'll soon enough manage to enlighten you. Know, wretched Despot, that your rule is over! The Federated Republic One and Indivisible reigns supreme. You, vile traitor to your country as you are, are deposed!

*The Emperor.* The Emperors of Brazil have ever faced all odds, and yielded only at the last moment to overwhelming force.

[*Gets under the table.*]

*Son of the People.* (*pulling him out again.*)—Ha! miscreant, we had foreseen this, and had taken measures to meet it accordingly. (*He gives a signal, upon which the folding-doors of a back drawing-room are flung open, disclosing the guillotine, set up with head-basket and all ready for use.*) Now, dare to give us much trouble, and we shall make short work of you. The machine is in excellent working order, as you will soon find out.

[*The Mob shout approval.*]

*The Emperor* (*turning slightly pale*). Be it so! Struggle is useless. (*Aside.*) And now for some disguise in which to effect my escape. I must at any rate endeavour to manage this somehow.

*Son of the People* (*anticipating his intention*). And think not, myrmidon, to escape our watchful eye. A guard is set upon every exit, and the orders are to fire and spare no one! Ha! ha! Beware! Beware! You will find our bite every bit as bad as our bark.

*The Emperor* (*making his way hurriedly to the back*). If that is the case, and I see no reason to doubt it, the sooner I get out of this decidedly the better.

[*Mizes with the crowd, and eventually having shaved off his hair, his eyebrows and whiskers, and assumed a comic red shock wig and disguised himself as a cabman, and borrowed one shilling and ninepence from his Major-domo, finds himself towards the evening hanging about the docks in search of some vessel bound to set sail that same night for Europe, and at length, after hiding himself away on several and getting discovered and warned off, the "Emperor," now with only a few pence in his pocket, succeeds in securing himself in the hold of a second-class collier, and in the midst of privation and confusion, sets sail for Europe as the Curtain falls.*]

*The Emperor.* Quite so. Pray proceed. (*Referring to card.*) "Provisional Government"! Then I conclude there has been some change?

*Retired Solicitor.* There has, your Majesty. The fact is the country is no longer an Empire, but a Republic; and you, Sir, I almost regret to have to inform you, but I was commissioned to break the truth to you as delicately as possible, are deposed.

*The Emperor.* Dear me! This is very interesting. Coming, however, of a long line of Royal ancestors, I feel bound, at least, to say that I can "yield only to force."

*Retired Solicitor.* Just so. Your Majesty, we had foreseen this display of your Imperial spirit, and had provided for it. (*He whistles. Two Newspaper Editors and another Retired Solicitor, enter, bearing garlands of flowers, which they gracefully entwine about the Emperor.*) You see, Sir, thus we hold you in chains. You must confess that you are indeed our prisoner.

*The Emperor* (*still smiling blandly*). I see. Struggle is useless. And now let us get a *Bradshaw*, and see what time the first boat starts for Europe.

*Retired Solicitor.* Your Majesty need not trouble yourself. Your passage is already booked; and, to make matters pleasant on the voyage, I have been requested to press your acceptance of this little cheque for £50,000,000.

[*Offers it.*]

*The Emperor* (*taking it*). Thanks, very much. (*Moved.*) I really shall often think of "poor old Brazil."

[*Wipes away a tear.*]

*Retired Solicitor.* Do, your Majesty! And now, is there anything else that you would like. You have only, believe me, to mention it, and your Majesty's wishes—

*The Emperor.* Quite so. (*Considering.*) Well, no; nothing beyond. Stay; I may as well have the Crown jewels and—the throne?

*Retired Solicitor* (*with alacrity*). They shall be made up into a neat brown-paper parcel for your Majesty at once.

[*And, shedding a quiet tear of joyful gratitude, with his family comfortably around him, and his pockets full of the ready money provided for him by "poor dear old Brazil," the deposed Emperor starts, amid every luxury and comfort, for Europe, as the Curtain falls.*]

ON COMMISSION.—As it has been suggested to me that some acknowledgment should be made in recognition of the graceful compliment paid by Sir JAMES HANNEN to the untiring industry and conspicuous ability shown by myself and "those others to whom thanks are due," in the management of our part of the Special Commission, I have no hesitation in stating that it is my deliberate opinion that their Lordships will show equal talent in performing what still remains to be done in bringing this historical inquest to a final and satisfactory conclusion. It gives me the greatest pleasure in trusting (with them), that they will discover the truth. When found, I have no doubt the Press will assist in publishing it. I have the honour to bid their Lordships a respectful adieu. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## ROSE-LEAVES AND REVOLUTION; OR THE LATEST DEPOSITION.

HOW (ACCORDING TO ALL PRECEDENT) IT OUGHT TO HAVE COME OFF.

The Scene represents the Interior of a Reception-room in the Imperial Palace on the morning of the violent outbreak of a bloody revolution. Barricades are erected in all directions, and the air is dark with the explosion of shells and the hail of flying shot. As the Curtain rises, the Imperial Family are discovered, terror-stricken, and cowering in a corner, while a furious mob of desperadoes, headed by a "Son of the People," bursts into the chamber, and advances on them with threats and imprecations.

*The Emperor* (*facing the Mob*). Well, ruffians, do your worst! And you, who call yourself a "Son of the People," know that I defy you!

[*Attempts to get under the table.*]  
*Son of the People.* And know, too, Imperial Wind-bag! that I am here to beard you in your den, and proclaim as the herald of the proletariat the doom of your accursed house and race!

*The Emperor* (*aside*). This is

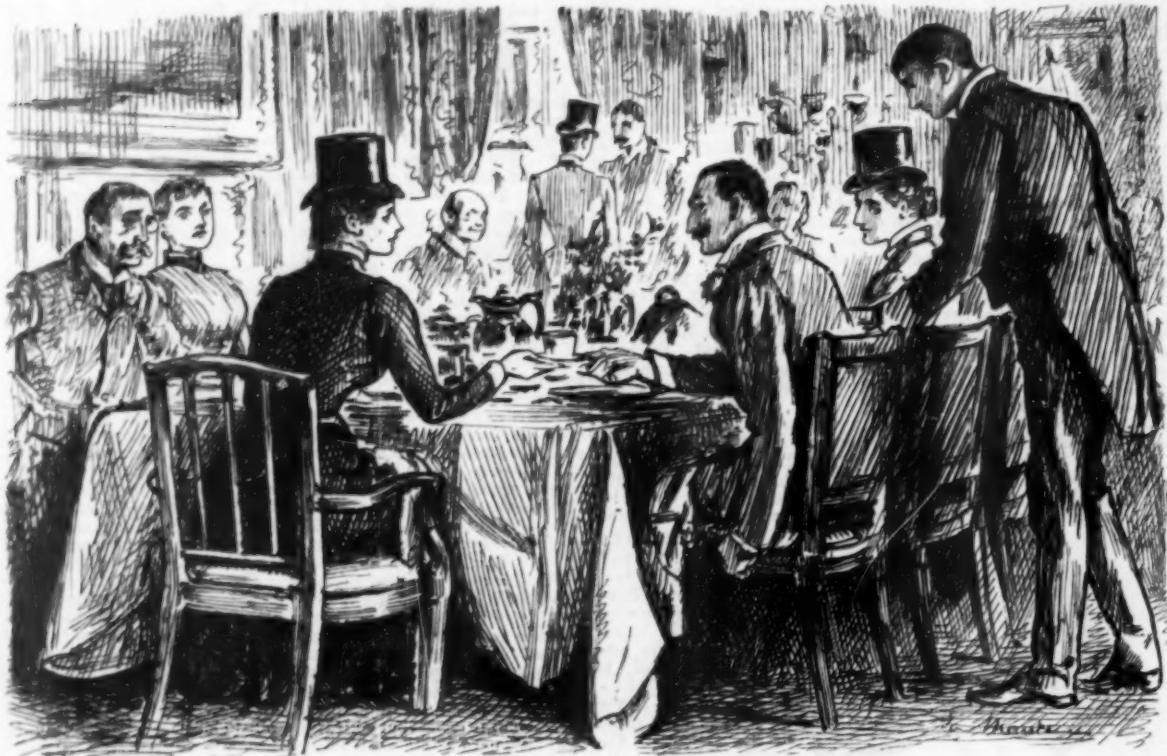
HOW (IN FACT) IT ACTUALLY DID.

The Scene represents the Interior of an Apartment in the Emperor's summer retreat at Petropolis, on the morning of a change of the Constitution of the Country. There is no outward and visible sign of any unusual commotion, the birds singing sweetly in the sunshine without. As the Curtain rises, the Imperial Family are discovered finishing their simple breakfast quietly, while a Retired Solicitor, arrayed in a red scarf of office, representing the New Government, is ushered into their presence by a Court Official, bowing respectfully.

*The Emperor* (*inspecting card which has been handed to him, and reading*). "Representative of the Provisional Government" (*Smiling blandly*). Excuse me, but I do not quite understand.

*Retired Solicitor.* No, Sir! We hardly expected you would. But we thought the best way of preserving your Majesty from any unpleasant shock, which, I fear, is inevitable under the circumstances, would be for me to call personally and explain matters.





### ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

Hostess, "YOU ARE LATE THIS MORNING, MONSIEUR ALPHONSE!"

M. Alphonse (who is fond of English Idioms). "YES, MADAM, I 'AD ZE MISFORTUNE TO SLEEP OVER MYSELF ZIS MORNING, AND I COULD NOT DESCEND IN TIME!"

### THE NEW CRUSADE.

At last! The anti-human Demon, long  
By aid of mortal selfishness so strong,  
Now stands at bay before the banded league  
Of nations. Ruthless power, or sly intrigue  
Will scarce avail him now to force or foil  
The ranks that close around, or snatch his spoil.  
Insatiate ogre, in the old safe way. [day]  
CLARKSON, you should have lived to see this  
WILBERFORCE, GARRISON, and all great hearts  
Who played far-scattered solitary parts  
Against the common enemy of all,  
In days when Civilisation held the thrall,  
Lucre's fair prey, and luxury's mere tool,  
When even Christianity sought to school  
The emancipating gospel to the need  
Of haughty indolence and buckster greed,  
How would you in this welcome scene rejoice!  
LAVIGERIE, triumph that your rallying voice  
Has urged the nations to the New Crusade.  
Not against Paynim force but godless Trade!  
Once more the Cross is lifted, not alone  
Against the Crescent as when GODFREY shone  
Amidst the ranks of Europe's Chivalry;  
No gallant Saladin indeed is he.  
'Gainst whom these Christian swords you fain  
would urge;  
The Demon of the Shackle and the Scourge,  
Lowering and shrinking hideously, stands  
Circled and trapped by those cross-hilted  
brands. [base]  
Not GORTHE's mocking fiend was black and  
As this vile ogre of the Afrit face,  
Africa's subtle bane and potent blight,  
Last, strongest champion of the powers of  
night;

Still strong, for all those swords, and not yet  
slain:  
At bay, but till stretched stark, too sure  
again  
To rear his hateful crest in some foul lair,  
And, like an incarnation of Despair,  
Dominate riven hearth and ruined home  
Of those to whom the New Crusade should  
come  
Like the cool water-drop of LAZARUS  
To DIVES in his agony. 'Tis thus,  
And thus alone, this fiend may yet be foiled.  
He, quintessential devil, hath despoiled  
Earth's fairest scenes for ages, taking tithe  
Of the poor simple race, who might be blithe  
Even in ignorance, save for that foul foe,  
Whose breath lays hope's most humble blos-  
soms low,  
Blasts in their birth the germs of happiness,  
And make of Life a synonym for Distress.  
Now he's at bay, like *Mephistopheles*  
Before the students' cross-hilts. And will  
these,  
Civilisation's gathered champions, hold  
The cross, the blade at need, loyally bold,  
Unitedly impregnable, until  
The hideous incarnation of all ill  
Falls utterly before them, fails and falls  
No more to shackle or to scourge his thralls,  
No more to traffic blood for gold, no more  
To strew the sands from tropic belt to shore  
Of the Dark Continent with his dusky  
prey,  
Butchered in wrath, or fallen on the way  
Beneath the lash? England looks on with  
hope,  
She, the first Champion who dared to cope

With the great Slavery Demon. Not alone  
She standeth now, for Freedom's Guard hath  
grown.  
Good Cardinal, and you magnanimous king,  
Who brought your Belgium into the great  
ring  
Of exorcisers, *Punch* applauds ye both,  
And hopes no hidden greed, no selfish  
sloth,  
Nor calculated callousness of Trade,  
Will eat the heart out of your New Crusade.

"WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME NOW?"—  
All the world's a playground, and everybody



in it merely  
players, must  
be the obser-  
vation of the  
Merry not the  
Melancholy JAMES,  
who with his Son—  
the firm is JAMES  
AND SON—has in-  
vented the indoor  
games of *Tiddledy  
Winks* (he should  
patent *Forty Winks*,  
a companion to *Nap*), *Chopsticks*, *Helder*,  
and his latest is *The Butterfly Hunt*, which  
can be made a very funny performance, only  
it might have been so much better with  
coloured butterflies, instead of little scraps  
of paper. In indoor exercise nothing yet  
invented has beaten the ancient *Battledore*  
and *Shuttlecock*, which can be made nearly  
as scientific as *Lawn-tennis*.





### THE NEW CRUSADE.

"The Anti-Slavery Conference opened at Brussels on November 18. All the plenipotentiaries were present."—*Times*.



THE  
couple  
by R.



to read  
when  
letter  
then  
the o  
Madam  
d'ANT  
been  
being  
that i  
self,  
invert  
be on  
would  
As  
trated  
advan  
JOHN  
Good,  
JOHN  
and F





THE MODERN FOX-HUNTER EQUIPPED AGAINST THE MODERN FENCE.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE industrious SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has given us a delightful couple of volumes about *The Idols of the French Stage*, published by REMINGTON & Co. The chapters dealing with the life and death of the witty SOPHIE ARNAULD are as interesting as they are entertaining. Poor idols! everyone with a history, and all the histories bearing a strong resemblance to each other. In the biographies of men we say, *Cherchez la femme*; but here it is always, *Cherchez l'homme*! Poor talking dolls! worshipped as idols, then shattered or neglected, and the cult transferred to a rival. Charming cynicism is the story of the vestal RAUCOURT, whose virtue brought its own reward, and had its price in the betting-list; and curious, nowadays, when the Curé of St. Roch invites the Company of the Comédie Française to celebrate the tercentenary of CORNEILLE at his church,



to read how Christian burial was refused to so many actresses, even when they had become "reconciled" on their death-beds. BOISSIER's letter *Sur la Comédie* is evidence of the rigorous ecclesiastical rules then in force according to the *Rituel de Paris*. Mr. EDWARDS, in the course of his amusing account of the capricious Soprano, MADAME DE SAINT HUBERTY (afterwards the unfortunate Countess d'ANTRAIGUES, married to a Frenchman who might well have been named Count d'Intrigues) tells us how, on one occasion, being annoyed with the conductor of the orchestra, she declared, that if he appeared in his place at night, "she would undress herself, and refuse to sing her part." Surely Mr. EDWARDS has here inverted the sequence of events. Her refusal to sing, which would be on the stage, must have preceded her act of undressing, which would have been in her *loge*. Still in those days they did odd things.

As usual, Mr. JOHN LATEY, Junior, brings out his Penny Illustrated Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* well in advance of all the others. Misnamed JOHN LATEY, evidently JOHN EARLY. The cover shows travellers be-lated in the snow. Good, this, to begin with. Plum-pudding and turkey await them. JOHN EARLY has written a story with a well worked-up sensation, and FRED BARNARD shows us a struggle between somebody and a

highwayman in the snow—most uncomfortable for both—but somebody gets decidedly the best of it, and consequently the highwayman the worst of it. The Fiery FURNISS ends the Number—which, by the way, is all snow and fire, typically Christmassy,—with hints for TOMMY's dressing-up in the holidays, TOMMY being recommended by the Fiery One to cause great sport to his friends and relatives by trying to look as much like several distinguished persons as possible. Poor TOMMY! And, if he's caught making raids on Grandpapa's linen, and requisitioning collars, in order to look like GLADSTONE, and Grandmamma's cloaks, to look like TENNYSON, and so forth, it will end in TOMMY's getting an extra dressing, which will be the reverse of what the gardeners call a "top-dressing." Poor TOMMY!

## "THE HOO CASE."

To be published, in one volume, with ecclesiastical binding, that is, if anything ecclesiastical can be binding in such a matter, a short history of this important case, to be entitled, *Hoo's Hoo and What's What?* It will be illustrated with snatches of song by T. DIBDIN, a specimen of which, entitled, "*Hoo Cares?*" (vide DIBDIN's *Ballads*, BOHN's edition, p. 91) we place before our readers. It has quite the nautical smack of DIBDIN about it, as one might expect from one who assists in steering the ecclesiastical barque in the Sea of Rochester. Here it is:—

And then when ill-fortune has crowned his endeavours  
'Twixt parties the peace to restore,  
Well, what if so be if the public he favours  
With reasons why, Hoo, and where-for?  
Now, bless the kind Bishop who treats with good-nature  
Friend, enemy, false or true,  
Though oppressed by Hoo cares, he will give a poor creature  
His ben'son,—but what cares Hoo?

We do not know when the volume is coming out, but due notice will be given in the *Hoo and Cry*.

THE Anti-Enjoyment-on-Sunday Society might turn its attention to the Sunday 'bus traffic, as represented in a letter to the *Times* of November, 19, by a Director of the Tram Car Company.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 9.



"HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES."

(A Ballad of a Police-Court Case, set to the ancient rhyme of "Billy Taylor.")

THERE was a young and Hansom Cabby,  
Which he had a sweet young wif,  
Annoyed by a willin base and shabby,  
Who werry nearly worried her out of her life.  
He dogged her footsteps whenever he met her,  
Wrote her many a billy doo;  
But the sweet young wife gave every letter  
To her Hansom hubby fond and true.  
So the Hansom Cabby, up to him dashin',  
Descends from his perch,—"Take that!" says he.  
When he'd given the willin a well-deserved thrashin',  
He gave himself into custodee.  
And the Magistrate says to the Hansom driver,  
"I can't help applaudin' wot you've done;  
But I must bind you over in a fiver,  
To keep the peace to everyone.  
"Which, talking of 'peace,' you go to the Adelphi,  
Where there's a melodrama fine;  
You take your wife, and you'll see yourself, I  
Think, as a Hansom Cabman Shine.  
"As you know the science of fisticuffin',  
Which the gent can say who felt your knocks.  
The GATTIS may Hansomly admit you for nuffin',  
Or a friend will square up for a Private Box."



THEORIES OF THE TRAINING-STABLE.

"NICE-LOOKING YOUNG GENTLEMAN THAT FRIEND O' YOURS, SIR CHARLES. I SUPPOSE HE'S SOME LORD!"  
"YES; HE'S MY COUSIN, LORD RIPPINGTON. HE'LL BE DUKE OF ALL-TOWERS WHEN HIS FATHER DIES."  
"AH, I THOUGHT HE WAS SOMETHING OF THAT SORT. BUT IT DON'T DO TO BEGIN MYLORDIN' 'EM TOO YOUNG!"

THE GOLDEN GIFT.—Notice to Correspondents.—As by this time at least a quarter of a million repetitions of the one joke about "pounds" and "Guinness" (guineas) have been made in various forms, of which Mr. Punch has received his full share, he hereby gives notice that on and after this Wednesday, Nov. 27, any perpetrator of this joke or anything like it, or anyone attempting to pass it off as original, will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law.

BRAZILIAN NEWS.—The Revolution in Brazil will make no difference in the price of Nuts, nor in the cost of Crackers for Christmas.

"Quand j'étais roi de Bœotie,  
J'avais des sujets et des soldats,"

is the air which the ex-Emperor, who knows his Paris uncommonly well, now contentedly hums to himself.

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVI. LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT CONNAUGHT PLACE.

THERE is a certain flavour of modernity about the name of the street where LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL resides that abruptly strikes you as you seize the knocker at No. 2. There is, or used to be, an expression common in Ireland which bracketed Connaught with an alternative place of destination. Probably Mr. W. H. SMITH, LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, MR. STANHOPE, and other colleagues of your host in a recent Ministry may have thought of this saying as, upon occasion, they wended their steps towards Connaught Place. But the terrace which your host modestly shares with other eminent persons did not receive its name directly from the Irish province. It was so called after one of the Queen's sons, an accession to the Peerage which goes back but a few years, and stamps the locality with the notion of newness which struck you just now when, as mentioned, you were pulling the bell—signal of your desire to be ushered into the presence of the amiable nobleman who is impatiently awaiting you.

But, though Connaught Place is new, the locality is old, and is connected with some of the most interesting scenes in the social life of London. As you stand with your host at the window of the two-pair back, he shows you the very spot where Tyburn tree spread out its gaunt arms, and dangled its ghastly clusters of fruit. Hither came the condemned, riding in a cart from Newgate, carrying the nose-gay that had been presented to him on the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, and cheered with the flagon of ale he had halted at St. Giles's to drink. Here came to his death JOHN SHEPPARD, a person singularly unreliable in the presence of portable property. Here came JONATHAN WILD, who, as the Chaplain prayed with him, picked his pocket of a corkscrew. Forty years later Mrs. BROWNING, formerly resident in Fetter Lane, also rode to the corner of what is now Connaught Place, and never more returned.

"You see," says your host, tugging at the overhanging eaves of his moustache, "they used to harbour pleasant company in this neighbourhood. But our occasional visitors were not all drawn from the classes which Mr. SHEPPARD and Mrs. BROWNING adorned. We had the Rev. Dr. DODD hanged here for forgery; and there was KARL FERRERS, who murdered his steward, and was hanged over there with a silken rope. I often think," continues your host, reflectively, "that the re-introduction of the occasional use of a silken rope in the House of Lords at this day might be attended with consequences conducive to the welfare of the State."

Turning away from what you gather is a favourite place for reflection, and casting a passing glimpse on the distant glades of Hyde Park, where across the wilderness of fern and bracken you see the October sun glistening on the balustraded bridge thrown across the winding sheet of artificial water, where the golden hues of the chestnut contrast with the bright blue of the maple, the piquant pink of the wild cherry, the rare red tone of the beeches, and the blue and amber of the pitiful pine—your host, crossing the paved hall adorned with old oak, African weapons, antlers, and Indian shields, ushers you into the dimly-lighted room where he is wont to compose letters addressed to LORD SALISBURY or to MR. CHAMBERLAIN. Seated at a blue-enamelled writing-table, with brass handles pendant to its many drawers, RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, third son of the seventh Duke of MALBOROUGH, tells you the story of his life.

Except for the charm of his conversation, the lambent play of his fancy, and the acrid solution of his humour, you would say that the narrative is superfluous. The framed documents close to the door commemorate all important epochs in his career. The first is a collection of his speeches delivered in the House of Commons when he still sat below the Gangway, and led to death or victory that remarkable body of statesmen known to contemporary history as the Fourth Party. The second, effectively divided into four panels, contains, in the first panel, his attacks upon MR. CHAMBERLAIN in connection with the Aston Park Riots; another panel in the same

framework shows his alliance with the Member for West Birmingham against Mr. GLADSTONE. The third embraces proofs of growing distrust in connection with the representation of Central Birmingham. You notice that the fourth is just now a blank. There is another very interesting collection, showing your host's attitude towards the Irish Members at various epochs of his interesting career. This is charmingly diversified.

Your host is delighted to find his versatility appreciated, and, as he lights another cigarette at the massive silver and ormolu electric lamp that stands upon the terra-cotta table at his side, whilst his eye rests upon a picture of Lord SALISBURY, in which the master-hand of REMBRANDT has brought out all the latent strength of character, he muses on the past: "I don't mind telling you, TOBY, old fellow," he says, "that sometimes I regret chucking things over as I did at Christmas, 1886. The fact is it was Christmas that did it all. I was thinking of a surprise present for the MARKISE; something, you know, that would make him sit up on Christmas Day in the morning. Turned over in my mind several little projects of the artificial toy order. Then it suddenly flashed upon me, 'Supposing I was to resign?' As you know it proved, nothing could have been more startling or unexpected. I had only been a month or two Chancellor of the Exchequer; I was Leader of the House of Commons; we had had our Cabinet Councils, and settled a good deal of the business of the coming Session. We had squared HARTINGTON and CHAMBER-

LAIN. GLADSTONE's people were divided and disheartened. Everything looked blooming for us, and no Ministry ever anticipated a happier or merrier Christmas.

"Only the morning before I let fly, SMITH was talking to me about a turkey he had bought—the biggest in the market—and such a plum-pudding! His honest face, beaming with delightful anticipation, was too much for me. Perhaps if I could have managed something by which, as he stuck his knife into the turkey, the bird would have stood up on its hind legs, and flapped what was left of its wings, it would have served; or if I could have conveyed into the plum-pudding a little detonating powder, that would have gone off, as dear OLD MORALITY thrust in the expectant spoon, I might have been satisfied. I thought of these things, and then came the notion of the resignation, which would spoil all their Christmas dinners. Once conceived, I could not resist the temptation, and so it came about. It was a tremendous piece of fun; fully equalled my expectations; but it proved rather expensive."

A tear slowly courses down your host's cheek, and, withdrawing from the sight of this sacred sorrow, you pass out on tip-toe, endeavouring, as you walk under the mullioned fanlight, and skirt the site of Tyburn Tree, to concentrate your thoughts upon Sixteen-stringed JACK, hanged here in 1774, for robbing the Princess AMELIA's Chaplain in Gunnersbury Lane. He suffered in a pea-green coat, with an immense nosegay in his hand.

## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

### NO. XIII.—THE MILITARY IMPERSONATOR.

To be a successful Military Impersonator, the principal requisite is a uniform, which may be purchased for a moderate sum, second-hand, in the neighbourhood of almost any barracks. Some slight



acquaintance with the sword exercise and elementary drill is useful, though not absolutely essential. Furnished with these, together with a few commanding attitudes, and a song possessing a spirited, martial refrain, the Military Impersonator may be certain of an instant and striking success upon the Music-hall stage,—especially if he will condescend to avail himself of the ballad provided by Mr. Punch, as a vehicle for his peculiar talent. And—though we say it ourselves—it is a very nice ballad, to which Mr. McDUGALL himself would find it difficult to take exception. It is in three verses, too—the limit understood to be formally approved by the London County Council for such productions. It may be, indeed, that (save so far as the last

verse illustrates the heroism of our troops in action—a heroism too real and too splendid to be rendered ridiculous, even by Military Impersonators), the song does not convey a particularly accurate notion of the manner and pursuits of an officer in the Guards. But then no Music-hall ditty can ever be accepted as a quite infallible authority upon any social type it may undertake to depict—with the single exception, perhaps, of the Common (or Howling) Cad. So that any lack of actuality here will be rather a merit than a blemish in the eyes of an indulgent audience. Having said so much, we will proceed to our ballad, which is called,—

#### IN THE GUARDS!

##### First Verse.

I'm a Guardsman, and my manner is perhaps a bit "haw-haw"; But when you're in the Guards you've got to show *esprit de corps*.

[Pronounce "a spready core."] We look such heavy swells, you see, we're all aristocrats.

When on parade we stand arrayed in our 'eavy bearskin 'ats.

Chorus (during which the *Martial Star* will march round the stage in military order).

We're all "'UGHIES," "BERTIES," "ARCHIES,"

In the Guards! Doncher know?

Twisting silky long moustaches,

[Suit the action to the word here.] Bein' Guards! Doncher know?

While our band is playing *Marches*,

Of the Guards! Doncher know?

And the ladies stop to gaze upon the Guards,

Bing-Bang!

[Here a member of the orchestra will oblige with the cymbals, while the Vocalist performs a military salute, as he passes to—

##### Second Verse.

With duchesses I'm 'and in glove, with countesses I'm thick; From all the nobles I get invites—they say I am "so chic!"

[Pronounce "chick."] It often makes me laugh to read, when'er I go off guard,

"Dear BERTIE, come to my At Home!" on a coronetted card!

##### Chorus.

For we're "BERTIES," "'UGHIES," "ARCHIES,"

In the Guards! Doncher know?

With our silky long moustaches,

In the Guards! Doncher know?

Where's a regiment that marches

Like the Guards? Doncher know?

All the darlings—bless 'em!—dote upon the Guards,

Bing-Bang!

##### Third Verse.

[Here comes the Singer's great chance, and by merely taking a little pains, he may make a tremendously effective thing out of it. If he can manage to slip away between the verses, and change his bearskin and scarlet coat for a solar tope and kharkee tunic at the wings, it will produce an enormous amount of enthusiasm, only he must not take more than five minutes over this alteration, or the audience—so curiously are British audiences constituted—may grow impatient for his return.]

But hark! the trumpet sounds!... (Here a member of the orchestra will oblige upon the trumpet.) What's this?... (The Singer will take a folded paper from his breast and peruse it with attention.) We're ordered to the front! [This should be shouted.] We'll show the foe how "Carpet-Knights" can face the battle's brunt!

They laugh at us as "Brummels"—but we'll prove ourselves "Bay-yards!"

[Now the *Martial Star* will draw his sword and unfasten his revolver-case, taking up the exact pose in which he is represented upon the posters outside.]

As you were!... Form Square!... Mark Time!... Slope Arms!... now—Tention!... (These military evolutions should all be gone through by the Artist.) Forward, Guards!

[To be yelled through music.]

##### Chorus.

Onward every 'ero marches,

In the Guards! Doncher know?

All the "'UGHIES," "BERTIES," "ARCHIES,"

Of the Guards! Doncher know?

They may twist their long moustaches,

For they're Guards! Doncher know?

Dandies? yes,—but dandy lions are the Guards!

Bing-Bang!

[Red fire and smoke at wings, as Curtain falls upon the Military Impersonator in the act of changing to a new attitude.]

"In omnibus caritas"—most difficult to practise when it's "fall inside" on a wet day, and you're in the company of twelve damp, stuffy, stout, irritable and unyielding persons of both sexes.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

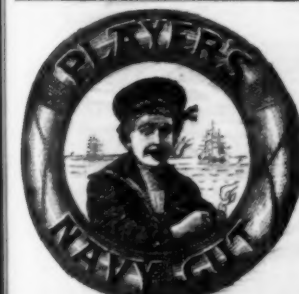


THE  
**G. B.  
DIABETES WHISKY**  
Contains no Sugar. Is not stored in Sherry Casks.  
For DIABETES, GOUT, & KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.  
"Certainly seems to deserve its name."—LANCET.  
44s. per Doz.  
CARRIAGE PAID.  
**GEO. BACK & CO.,**  
Devonshire Square, London.

**CARLTON  
HIGHLAND MALT  
WHISKEY.**  
ELEVEN YEARS OLD.  
GOLD MEDAL, CALCUTTA EXHIBITION, 1884.  
See the GALL: SEE the DOG.  
CARRIAGE PAID. CASE ONLY.  
**RICHD. MATHEWS & CO.,**  
24 and 25, Hart St., Bloomsbury, W.C.,  
LATE OF ALBANY ST. N.W.  
Agents for India—CUTLER, PALMER, & CO.  
A single bottle, as a sample, will be sent post free  
to any address on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.

NOTE THE RED ACE OF CLUBS.  
"ST. LOUIS"  
NATURAL MINERAL WATERS  
ABSOLUTELY CURE DIABETES.  
For RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, GOUT,  
St. Louis No. 1 Spring, Medical;  
St. Louis No. 2 Spring, A Table Water.  
60, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

**J. EXSHAW & CO.'S**  
FINEST OLD BRANDY.  
6s. per doz. in Cases as imported.  
1, W. STAPLETON & Co., 202, Regent Street, W.



SHORE FLAYKE'S NAVY CUT, beautifully Cool  
and Sweet Smoking. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers.  
Horns, &c., and take no other than "FLAYKE'S  
NAVY CUT." Sold only in 1 oz. Packets, and 3 oz.  
of 100s. Tins, which keep the Tobacco always in  
the smoking condition. The genuine bears the  
Trade Mark, "MORTIMER CASTLE," on every  
Packet and Tin. Flayke's Navy Cut Cigarettes  
can now be obtained of all leading Tobacconists,  
Stores, &c., in Packets containing 10.

**FOR ASTHMA & C  
DATURA TATULA**  
FOR SMOKING AND INHALATION.  
**SAVORY & MOORE, London,**  
And of Chemists everywhere.

**THE DIAMOND MARK.**  
TO SECURE THE BEST  
HUNGARIAN APERIENT WATER,  
DEMAND THE  
DIAMOND MARK,  
and insist upon receiving the  
HUNGARIAN APERIENT WATER  
SOLD BY THE  
**Apollinaris Co. Limited,**  
LONDON.  
Of all Druggists & Mineral Water Dealers.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.**  
Numbers with exquisitely Fine Points, for ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS,  
and DRAFTSMEN—170, e170, 291, 303, 431, 650, 1000.  
ESTABLISHED 1825.  
**NEAVE'S FOOD** FOR INFANTS,  
BEST AND CHEAPEST. INVALIDS,  
AND THE AGED.

**Bouillon  
Fleet**  
PURE BEEF & NOTHING BUT BEEF.  
FOR BEEF T.A. A delicious cue can be made  
with the addition of Boiling Water only.  
SOUPS made in the shortest possible time without  
the aid of Butcher's Meat.  
GRAVIES enriched.  
MADE DISHES greatly improved (no Stockpot  
wanted).  
SOLD EVERYWHERE, IN BOTTLES.  
Ask for the Book, "A Few Practical Cooks'  
Recipes."

**TO THE DEAF.**  
A book of 80 pages (Illustrated), describing our  
Patented Appliance for Curing Deafness and Noise  
in the Head, sent free by **NICHOLSON'S PATENT**,  
Limited, 61, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

**CALYX-EYED  
MILWARDS'  
NEEDLES.**  
SOLD BY ALL  
DRAPERS.  
3 SPECIALITY TOBACCOS  
MANUFACTURED BY  
**W. O. BIGG & CO.**  
BRISTOL.  
"Chimney Corner"  
"Exmoor Hunt"  
"Wide World"

**USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.**  
THE **BEST  
FOOD**  
FOR  
**INFANTS.**  
In Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.  
**SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON,**  
AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**Yes! Yes! Yes!**  
**SALT REGAL**  
Is the purest and ONLY Antibiotic Saline in the Market absolutely  
FREE from all injurious ingredients whatsoever.  
EXTRACT FROM A. NORMAN TATE'S REPORT:—"Institute of Chemists' Technology,  
Liverpool.—The ingredients used are free from impurities and injurious: (none), and  
the results of their admixture is a very satisfactory preparation."  
"A. N. TATE, F.I.C., F.C.S., Analyst."  
Salt Regal should be kept in Every Nursery, Every Bedroom, Every Family Medicine Cup-  
board, Every Hotel, Every Institution, and Every Traveller's Trunk—All the Year Over.  
Say NO, emphatically, to all old-fashioned worn-out Salines, and all  
Counterfeits of SALT REGAL.



**BEST FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS**  
**Dr. Ridge's Food**

**EDWARD PARISH** by contract transferred the  
manufacture of his Syrup to **PARISH & SONS**. The  
Public are cautioned that a number of inferior  
imitations (differing in composition) are sold as  
Parish's. To obtain the original preparation  
ask for the last 10 years by **Parish & Sons**,  
purchasers should ask for

**SQUIRE'S  
CHEMICAL  
FOOD**  
Bottles,  
2/-, 3/6, and 6/-.  
FOR DELICATE CHILDREN.  
OF AGENTS, OR BY PARCEL POST FREE  
DIRECT FROM  
**SQUIRE & SONS,**  
Her Majesty's Chemists,  
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

**A HUMANE TELEPHONE**—  
People who suffer from deafness and noise in  
the head will be glad to hear that an eminent Aural  
Specialist of London has hit upon a cure which is  
said to be absolutely efficacious, and may be applied  
at the patient's home. It is a miniature telephone,  
which fits inside the ear. It is not only a producer  
of sound, but also a cure for the distressing noises  
in the head. Being comfortable to wear, it will no  
doubt be a boon to mankind. A pamphlet describing  
its construction is printed, and may be had from  
the Publisher, 21, Bedford Square, London, W.C.  
Price 3d.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'**  
UPRIGHT IRON GRAND PIANOFORTE  
Prices from 40 Guineas upwards. J. & W. Brinsmead  
& Sons, Pianoforte Makers by Special Appointment  
to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, 1880,  
18, 20, and 22, Wigmore St., W. Lasts free.

**TUBES.**—For Gas, Steam, Water,  
Hydraulic, and Heating  
Purposes; Galvanised or White Enamelled inside.  
In stock to 6 in. diameter. Cocks, Valves, &c.  
Jons & Sons, Globe Tube Works, Weymouth;  
and 14, Gt. St. Thomas Apostle, London.

**HOWARD  
BEDFORD  
PORTABLE RAILWAY**

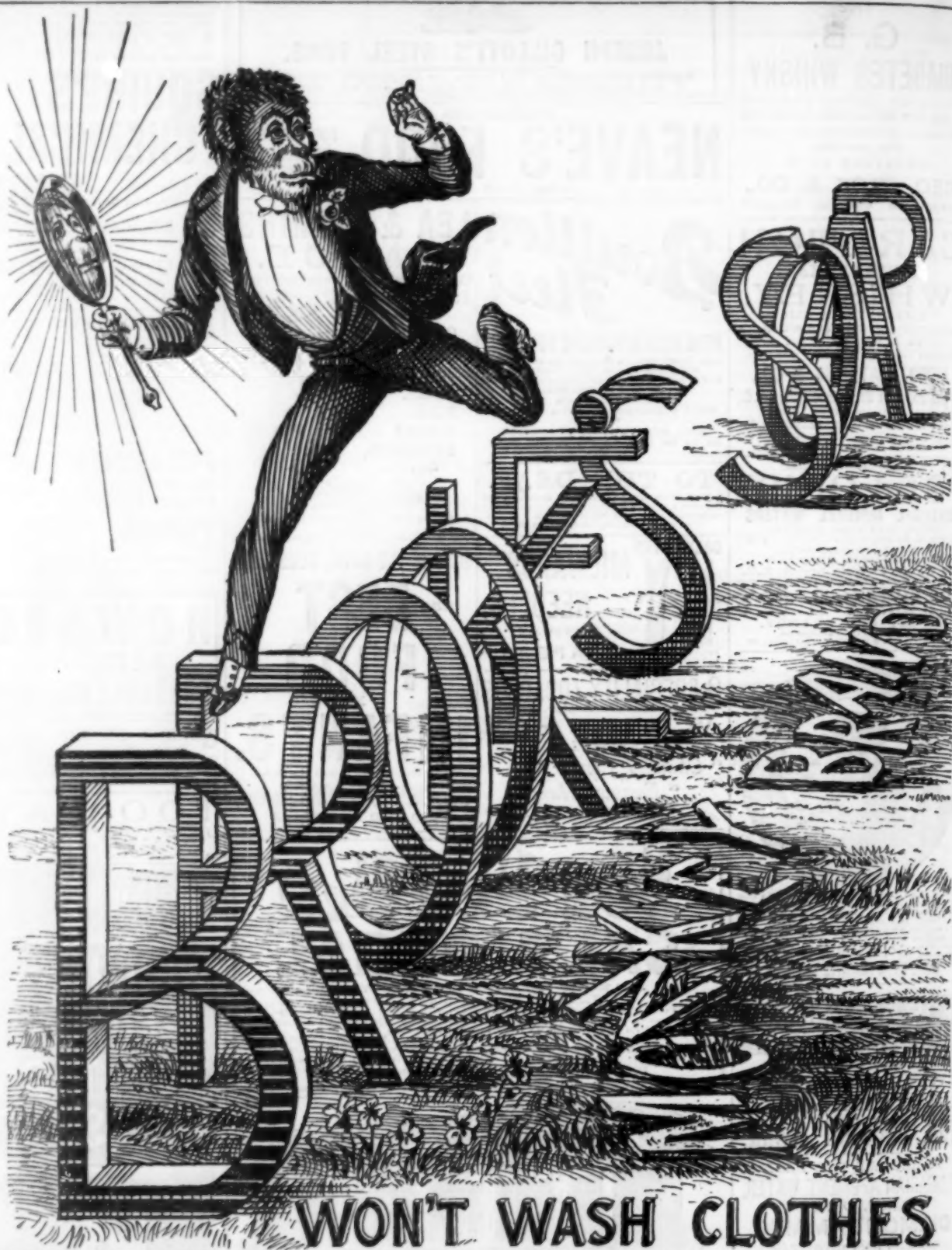
**GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.**—  
The lovely tresses "Golden Bronze" can be  
imparted to Hair of any colour by using **BRONZE**.  
Sold only by **W. WINTERS**, 417, Oxford St., London.  
Price 1s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. For tinting grey or faded  
Hair **BRONZE** is invaluable.

**TOO FAT.**  
DR. GORDON'S Elegant Pills cure STOUTNESS  
rapidly and certainly. State height, weight,  
and send 6d. or 1s. to  
DR. GORDON, 10, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.

**Mellor's Sauce**  
IS DELICIOUS

**WRIGHT'S** PROTECTS  
FROM  
FEVERS  
MEASLES  
**COAL  
TAR  
SOAP**  
PROMOTES  
THE SKIN  
PREVENTS  
THE SKIN  
TABLETS 6d.  
RECOMMENDED BY  
THE MEDICAL FACULTY

**'K'  
BOOTS.**



# **BROOKE'S SOAP**

(MONKEY BRAND), 4d a large Bar.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, and Chemists.

The World's most Marvellous Cleanser and Polisher. Makes Tin like Silver, Copper like Gold, Paint like New, Windows like Crystal, Brass Ware like Mirrors. Spotless Earthenware, Crockery like Marble, Marble White.

If not obtainable, send 4d. in stamps for full-size Bar, Free by Post, or for 1s. three Bars (mentioning "Punch"), to

**BENJAMIN BROOKE & COMPANY, 36 TO 40, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, LONDON, N.**

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 20, Ludgate Hill, in the Parish of St. Mary, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Office of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitechapel, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 35, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, November 30, 1889.